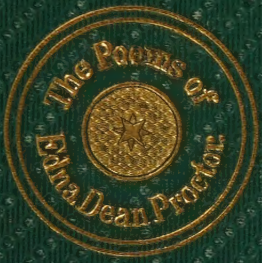
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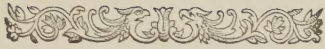

NATIONAL POEMS.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the Heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

POEMS

BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
BOSTON: E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.
1866.

811
P942p

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
HURD AND HOUGHTON,
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RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

CONTENTS.

NATIONAL POEMS.

	PAGE
The Mississippi	3
Hymn for the Nation	15
Harvest and Liberty	17
The Stripes and the Stars	21
Compromise	24
Who 's Ready	27
By the Shenandoah	30
The Hundred Days' Men	35
Kearsarge	38
At Home	42
The Grave of Lincoln	46
Heroes	49
The Virginia Scaffold	51
The White Slaves	54
The Slave Sale	59
For Freedom	66
Chimes of Noon	69

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Consummation	75
Clouds	77
Thy Psyche	81
The Welcome Sleep	84
Indian Summer	88

3232

PAGE

The Prayer in the Desert 90
On the Lawn 94
Take Heart 100
In Dreams 101
Daily Dying 103
The Wind in the Pine 105
Heart-Deaths 110
A Summer Day 111
The Bluebird 113
Allan 115
Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose 118
Night-fall 121
The Bird at Greenwood 122
Trust 125
Winthrop Earl 127
The Priest and I 128
Robert Burns 131
The Evening Angel 133
The Prisoner's Release 136
When I am Dead 139

THE MISSISSIPPI.

DOWN the silent Mississippi, with his saintly soul aflame,
Twice a hundred years are numbered since Marquette, rejoicing, came.
All the winter in his cabin high among the Huron snows,
Gaining lore of forest hunters, tracing maps by firelight glows,
Offering to the Blessed Virgin morn and evening vow and prayer
That his eyes might view the River flowing southward broad and fair, —
Wondrous grace! upon its bosom, glad beneath the summer blue,
Rapt in visions, lost in praises, lo! he guides his light canoe!

Winding 'mid the wooded islands tangled deep with musky vines;

Flower-enchanted, past the prairies with their
dim horizon lines;
By the fierce Missouri water, dark in gorge and
cataract wiles,
Down from nameless regions rolling, restless,
thrice a thousand miles;
Past Ohio, loveliest river, all its banks aflush
with rose
While the red-bud tints the woodlands and the
lavish laurel blows;
By the belts of odorous cedar, through the
cypress-swamps below,
Till he greets its wider grandeur, knows the
secret of its flow;
Fainting then from summer fervors, homeward
turns in sacred awe,
Dying humbly 'mid the Hurons by the windy
Mackinaw.

Then La Salle, impatient, fearless, took the
Father's idle oar,
Longing for the larger splendor, listening for
the ocean roar!
Under Bluffs that seek the beauty of the upper
shores to win;
Past the Arkansaw, slow-drifting with its moun-
tain tribute in;

By the bend where sad De Soto, with his high
Castilian pride,
Lulled forever and lamented, sleeps, a king,
beneath the tide;
Through the forests, perfume-haunted, weird
moss waving to and fro,
(There the cottonwood towers stately, and the
tall magnolias blow!)
Past the bayous, still and sombre, where the
alligator swims,
And at noonday, on the shore, the paroquet his
plumage trims;
Gliding down by green savannas — ho! the
wind blows cool and free!
Bright, beyond, the Gulf is gleaming — lo! the
River finds the Sea!
Out of mystery, out of silence, now the mighty
stream is won, —
Rear the cross, O joyful Boatman! chant sweet
hymns at set of sun!

Ah, La Salle, Marquette, De Soto! boatmen
bold in song and story,
Lighting up the river romance there are later
deeds of glory.
Lonely was the stream, the forest, as ye dropped,
with measured calm,

Down to golden zones of summer through the
fresh world's breeze and balm ; —
But the Indian, silent gazing, half in welcome,
half in fear ;
On the grassy plains the bison, in the dewy
glades the deer ;
Not a sound to break the stillness save the song
of woodland bird,
Or the panther's cry at evening from the cy-
press thickets heard ;
Or the eagle's scream, as northward to his
cooler lakes he flew,
Fainter ringing down the valley till he faded in
the blue.
Twice a hundred years are numbered, and the
red man roams no more
Through the green aisles of the forest, — by
the reedy, open shore ;
With the startled deer and bison he has fled
before the bands
That your fleet canoes have followed from the
wondering father-lands.
Now a people build its borders; now the great
fleets hasten down
With the sheaves of many a prairie, with the
wealth of many a town ;

Decks piled high from tropic harvest in the warmer realms below, —
Rice and sugar from the cane-fields, and the cotton's downy snow;
Laden sea-craft inland sailing, rafts that find the current's fall,
Smoke of steamer, call of pilot, from the Gulf to high St. Paul;
And the thronged, exultant River is a nation's heart, whose hands
Far to eastward, far to westward, touch the shining ocean sands.

Will ye trust the strange recital, — tale that only fiend should tell?
When the nation's morn was fairest, black the night of Treason fell!
Traitors claiming all the Southland, and the River once so free,
Under forts and frowning ridges, rolling, alien, to the sea!
Freedom's banner madly trampled, and the motto flaunted high,
"On the Slave we found Dominion, — who shall dare our right deny?"

God of Justice! how our rally rang through all
the startled air!
Million-voiced, the North made answer, rising
calm and strong from prayer!
Caught the rifle, clasped the sabre, put the
pen, the ploughshare by, —
Fathers, brothers, surging Southward when
they heard the gathering cry,
Till, from green Dakotah uplands to the rocky
isles of Maine,
Every hamlet, every city, lent its bravest to
the train;
Freedom's flag above them waving, freedom's
songs triumphant sung,
Ne'er, I ween, to such an army, foe the gage
of battle flung.

Then they saw the captive River, and from
every port and bay
Summoned straight each armèd vessel that at
anchor watching lay; —
From Pacific; from the islands where the spice-
winds softly blow;
Off the sultry Afric border; shores where Eu-
rope's olives grow.
All too few; — in hill-side pastures 'neath the
axe the stout oaks reel,

Pines of Saginaw and Saco hewn for masts to meet the keel.
Night and day the roaring forges shape the anchor, weld the chain,
Round the ball, and cast the cannon: O their glows shall not be vain!
Day and night the engines labor, hammers ring and shuttles fly,
Till the avenging fleet is fashioned, Southward set, with colors high.
Homeward come the eager war-ships, scattered wide in foreign seas;
Past the Indies, through the Gulf-way, all their canvas to the breeze!
Right across the sandy shallows, up the channel broad and deep, —
Hark! their cannon's judgment thunder wakes the traitor city's sleep!
Moated Jackson, strong St. Philip! ye were weak and powerless then;
Low must crumble wall and bastion had ye thrice ten thousand men.
Ye may man your casemates newly, hurl your shot like hellish rain, —
Sweep their shells in fiery circles, strewing all your lines with slain.

O, such ships were never anchored off the Nile
or Trafalgar, —
See! they pass the boom, the fortress, steady,
stormed from hull to spar!
O, such men were never marshaled on the
deck for siege or slaughter, —
Think how sank the bold Varuna, hero-
freighted, 'neath the water!
Forts are silenced, fleets are vanquished, shot
nor flame can bear them down;
Now, to God alone be glory! safe they come
before the town.
O, the foe by tent and fireside learned full
well what Treason means,
When the cannon, wrathful, deadly, lined the
wharves of New Orleans;
When they heard the rapturous music, caught
the crews' victorious cheer,
As again, on dome and fortress, rose the old
flag, floating clear;
Saw the pale, bewildered army flee in terror
and dismay:
Now, to God alone be glory, 't was a proud
and joyful day!

From St. Louis, down the River, nobly manned,
the Gun-boats move;

Woe to fort and recreant city when they round
their prows above!
Ah, what valor seized the islands! boasting
Memphis gained again!
Wrapt the rebel ships in ruin, wave and flame
our allies then!
Mile by mile the restless River from its tyrant
rule they free,
Till the fleet that left the prairies hails the
fleet that sailed from sea!

"Patience yet, O greeting sailors! mark! Port
Hudson, Vicksburg, wait,
Grimly couched on savage highlands, sworn
to guard the River-gate.
Call the soldiers from their camp-fires! man
the guns! there 's work to do
Ere this barred and gloomy water you may
sail unchallenged through."
Then beneath the bluffs they anchored, while
their armies in the rear
Made the prisoned traitors tremble, slowly,
surely, drawing near.
How we waited for the tidings! "Will they
never yield?" we cried;
"Must we hold them still beleaguered, hope-
less, starving in their pride?"

Spring went fruitless down to summer; 't was
the Fourth day of July;
When, to swell the roar of cannon and the an-
thems pealing high,
Sudden flashed the words of triumph, light-
ning-borne from town to town,
"Haughty Vicksburg has surrendered! we
have torn their colors down!"
And again, in clearest echo, ere the clamorous
joy was still,
"We are masters of Port Hudson, and the
River sail at will!"
So from Traitor's grasp forever was the Missis-
sippi won;
Praise the Lord, O shouting People! round the
world the glad news run!

* * * * * *

By the wave or in the woodland slumber still,
O Boatmen bold!
Seaward down, through loyal levels, rolls the
River as of old!
Rolls the River, swift, resistless, scorning
bounds and forts and foes,
Undivided from the Passes to Itasca's lone
repose.

Hark! a murmur of thanksgiving! all its waves
in music flow,—
Ransomed banks lean o'er to listen,—joyous
winds harmonious blow!
On its breast in grander plenty through the
ages yet unborn,
Still shall float the teeming harvests,—fairest
cotton, golden corn;
Cities gleam and orchards blossom; woodmen
open to the sun
Leagues of lowland, breadths of forest, where
its tribute rivers run,
Till a free and happy people fill the valley rich
and wide,
From the springs of great Missouri far to Alle-
ghany's side;
While above them, all unclouded, done with
war and envious jars,
Brighter through the circling ages shine the
glorious Stripes and Stars!

Then amid the yellow wheat-fields as they reap
in summer days;
Heap, when harvest-moons are shining, rustling
sheaves of ripened maize;
Pluck the grapes from purple hill-sides when the
vintage crowns the year;

Grind the cane and house the cotton that has
cost no bondman dear;
Choose untrammelled, righteous rulers, fit the
country's name to bear;
Hear the bells from bluff and prairie through
the hush of Sabbath air;
Shall they tell the thrilling story of the twice-
won River o'er,
And the Boatman and the Soldier honored be
forevermore; —
In the nation's song and record, freighted prose
and wingèd rhyme,
Light canoe and war-ship gliding, hallowed,
down the stream of time!

HYMN FOR THE NATION.

O GOD of the Nations! our country we sing;
A fond heart's devotion the tribute we bring;
All trial we welcome, all danger we dare,
For the land that we love and the banner we bear.
Flag of our Fathers! thy stars shall not wane!
Glory attend thee on ocean and shore!
Float o'er the Free from the Gulf to the main;
God shall defend thee till States are no more!

Fair realm of the river, the prairie, the lake,
What is there we would not resign for thy sake?
Come peace or come peril, O home of our pride!
We 'll live for thee, shield thee, till death shall divide.

For honor, for virtue, for freedom, for God,
We 'll follow the path that our Fathers have trod;
Right onward, unswerving, till joyful we raise
From ocean to ocean an anthem of praise.

We hail thee, we crown thee, bright Land of the West!
God keep thee, the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills.
Flag of our Fathers! thy stars shall not wane!
Glory attend thee on ocean and shore!
Float o'er the Free from the Gulf to the main;
God shall defend thee till States are no more!

HARVEST AND LIBERTY.

BEFORE ELECTION, 1860.

THE harvest-moon is waning,
And, under shielding eaves,
The wheat lies threshed and garnered,
Or heaped in heavy sheaves ;
And on a thousand prairies,
Like forest seas outrolled,
The corn stands waiting till the sun
Shall turn its green to gold.

Along the fair Ohio
The grapes are storing wine, —
Catawba, purple Isabel,
And fragrant Muscadine ;
And peach and apple, ripe and red,
Drop when the light winds blow,
Ripe and red from the laden boughs,
Till the grass is heaped below.

Oh, never 'neath Athenian skies
To Ceres, garland-crowned,
When scarlet poppies wreathed with wheat
Her shining tresses bound,
Such glad thanksgivings filled the air,
Such wild and tuneful glee,
As we could bring with shout and song
From prairie-land to sea.

But let us put the sickle by,
Nor mind the golden sheaves,
The purpling grapes upon the vine,
The apples 'mid the leaves.
For you and I and all of us
Have nobler work to-day,
That will not brook a backward look,
Nor bear a feast's delay.

Before the yellow corn is housed,
Or sealed, the amber wine,
A day will come when every man,
Upon a holier shrine,
Such gift may lay as ne'er was borne
From mine or ocean foam
For Delphi's god, or greater Jove
Throned on the hills of Rome.

Not India's gems, nor Persia's pearls,
  Nor wood of rarest trees,
Nor spices from the Orient isles
  Slow wafted o'er the seas.
Our shrine is Liberty's; how clear
  The wind around it sings!
Our gift, the freeman's priceless vote;
  Our God, the King of kings.

Now who that loves his wife, or child,
  Or home, or brother man,
But in the bright, heroic ranks,
  That day will swell the van?
And strong in love and hope and faith,
  And treading firm the sod,
Up to the patriot's altar go,
  Beneath the eye of God.

Young men! around whose virgin vote
  The proudest thoughts entwine;
Fathers! who ne'er again may see
  The moon of harvest shine;
And ye who know the heat of life,
  And bear its toil and fray,
O bring your gift, with fervent heart,
  To Freedom's shrine that day!

And let it thrill the poet's song,
  And be the statesman's care,
And speak from sermon and from hymn,
  And yearn in every prayer.
Nay, let it wail in ocean winds,
  And flash from out the sun,
And thunder 'mid the mountain peaks,
  Until the Work be done!

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

APRIL, 1861.

O STAR-SPANGLED Banner! the Flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here 's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death, — for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O ploughman, speed boldly away!
There 's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day;
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
"For Country, for Freedom, we 'll fight till we die!
Here 's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death, — for the Stripes and the Stars!"

Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!
Now where are the feet that would falter by thee?
Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won,
And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting, — a murmur of prayer,
Then Forward! the fame of our standard to share!

With welcome to wounding and combat and
scars
And the glory of death, — for the Stripes and
the Stars!

O God of our Fathers! this Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has
blown,
We fear not the summons; we fight not
alone!
O lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessing, for
scars;
One Country — one Banner — the Stripes and
the Stars!

COMPROMISE.

INSCRIBED TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES ASSEMBLED IN EXTRA SESSION, JULY 4, 1861.

COMPROMISE! Who dares to speak it
On the nation's hallowed Day,
When the air with thunder echoes
And the rocket-lightnings play?
Compromise? while on the dial
Liberty goes ages back,
Scourged and bound, for our denial,
Firmer to the despot's rack?

Compromise? while angels tremble
As we falter in the race;
Cringe and flatter and dissemble,—
We! who hold such royal place?
Compromise! It suits the craven!
Has our valor stooped so low?
Have we lost our ancient ardor
Face to face to meet the foe?

No! By all the May-Flower's peril
On the wild and wintry sea;
By the Pilgrim's prayer ascending,
As he knelt with reverent knee;
By that fairest day of summer
When the true, the tried, the brave,
Name and life and sacred honor
To the Roll of Freedom gave;

By the tears, the march, the battle,
Where the noble, fearless died,—
Round them roar of hostile cannon,
Waiting angels at their side;
By our children's golden future,
By our fathers' stainless shield,
That which God and heroes left us,
We will never, never yield!

Hear it, ye who sit in council!
We, the People, tell you so!
Will you venture "Yes" to whisper
When the millions thunder "No"?
Will you sell the nation's birthright,
Heritage of toil and pain,
While a cry of shame and vengeance
Rings from Oregon to Maine?

Compromise? We scorn the offer!
Separation we defy!
"Firm and free and one forever!"
Thus the People make reply.
"Death to every form of Treason,
In the Senate, on the field,"—
While the chorus swells triumphant,
"We will never, never yield!"

WHO 'S READY?

JULY, 1862.

GOD help us! Who 's ready? There 's danger before!
Who 's armed and who 's mounted? The foe 's at the door!
The smoke of his cannon hangs black o'er the plain;
His shouts ring exultant while counting our slain;
And northward and northward he presses his line:
Who 's ready? O, forward! — for yours and for mine!

No halting, no discord; the moments are Fates;
To shame or to glory they open the gates;
There 's all we hold dearest to lose or to win;
The web of the future to-day we must spin;

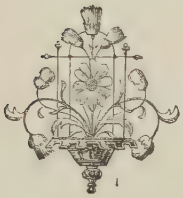
And bid the hours follow, with knell or with chime:
Who 's ready? O, forward! — while yet there is time!

Lead armies or councils — be soldier a-field —
Alike, so your valor is Liberty's shield!
Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes call,
For country, for fireside, for Freedom to all!
The blows of the boldest will carry the day:
Who 's ready? O, forward! — there 's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying, at home and o'er sea,
"God keep the great nation united and free!"
Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life,
If once we should falter or faint in the strife;
Our trust is unshaken, though legions assail:
Who 's ready? O, forward! — and Right shall prevail!

Who 's ready? "*All* ready!" undaunted we cry,
Our hands on our rifles, our hearts beating high;

"No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abreast;
The God of our Fathers is guiding us still:
All Forward! we 're ready, and conquer we will!"



BY THE SHENANDOAH.

MY home is drear and still to-night,
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Roll back, O weary years! and bring
Again the gay and cloudless morn
When every bird was on the wing,
And my blithe, summer boys were born!
My Courtney fair, my Philip bold,
With his laughing eyes and his locks of gold,—
No nested bird in the valley wide
Sang as my heart, that eventide.

Our laurels blush when May-winds call;
Our pines shoot high through mellow showers;

So rosy-flushed, so slender-tall,
My boys grew up from childhood's hours.
Glad in the breeze, the sun, the rain,
They climbed the heights or they roamed the plain;
And found where the fox lay hid at noon,
And the shy fawn drank by the rising moon.

Fleet Storm, look up! you ne'er may hear,
When all the dewy glades are still,
In silver windings, fine and clear,
Their whistle stealing o'er the hill!
And fly to the shade where the wild deer rest,
Ere morn has reddened the mountain's crest;
Nor sit at their feet, when the chase is o'er,
And the antlers hang by the sunset-door.

What drew our hunters from the hills?
They heard the hostile trumpets blow,
And leapt adown like April rills
When Shenandoah roars below.
One, to the field where the old flag shines,
And one, alas! to the traitor lines!
My tears — their fond arms round me thrown —
And the house was hushed and the hill-side lone.

But oh! to feel my boys were foes
  Was sharper than their sabres' steel!
In every shifting cloud that rose
  I saw their deadly squadrons wheel;
And heard in the waves, as they hurried by,
Their hasty tread when the fight was nigh,
And, deep in the wail which the night-winds
    bore,
Their dying moan when the fight was o'er.

So time went on.— The skies were blue;
  Our wheat-fields yellow in the sun;
When down the vale a rider flew:
  "Ho! neighbors, Gettysburg is won!
Horse and foot, at the cannon's mouth
We hurled them back to the hungry South;
The North is safe; and the vile marauder
Curses the hour he crossed the border."

My boys were there! I nearer prest,—
  "And Philip, Courtney, what of them?"
His voice dropped low: "O, madam, rest
  Falls sweet when battle's tide we stem.
Your Philip was first of the brave that day
With his colors grasped as in death he
    lay;

And Courtney — well, I only knew
Not a man was left of his rebel crew."

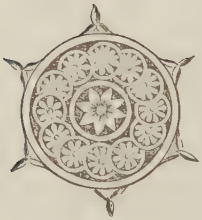
* * * * * * * *

My home is drear and still to-night
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Yet still in dreams my boys I own;
They chase the deer o'er dewy hills,
Their hair by mountain winds is blown,
Their shout the echoing valley fills.
Wafts from the woodland, spring sunshine
Come as they open this door of mine,
And I hear them sing by the evening blaze
The songs they sang in the vanished days.

I cannot part their lives and say,
"This was the traitor, this the true;"
God only knows why one should stray,
And one go pure death's portals through.

They have passed from their mother's clasp
and care;
But my heart ascends in the yearning prayer
That His larger love will the two enfold, —
My Courtney fair and my Philip bold!



THE HUNDRED DAYS' MEN.

In the busiest season of the spring of 1864, the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois pledged to the Government of the United States one hundred thousand men for a hundred days.

'TIS time the corn was planted, the latest wheat was sown,—
The oriole is in the elm, the last swan northward flown;
By streams the cottonwood is green, the plum waves white as snow,
The wild-crab blushes in the woods, the red-bud soon will blow;
And to the fenceless pastures, whose grass grows sweet and tall,
Slow move the herds, to feed at will till autumn frosts shall fall.
O for the arms so sturdy, O for the tireless feet,
That shared our toil when other Mays brought summer bloom and heat!

But proud we spared our manliest to face the
country's foe;
To march when word comes, "Forward!" to
ride when bugles blow:
Now calm they sleep, by plain and hill, wrapped
in their army-blue,
Or bear our banners bravely on, — and will, till
wars are through!

And still there 's peril. Fife and drum thrill
every village now,
And quickly down the grain is flung and idle
stands the plough.
O eager youth! O earnest men! your steps
we will not stay;
There 's nobler need, there 's weightier work;
haste to the camp away!
We 'll bear the double burden, and blithely
plant and sow,
That tent and town and lonely roof no fear of
want may know.
And when come round the reaping-days and
lingering moonlight-eves,
In cheerful households, young and old, we 'll
bind the ripened sheaves;
The girls shall pluck the golden ears, the happy
children glean,

And thus we 'll bring the harvest home, with many a song between,
And praise to God that sheaves nor sons we prized, the Land before,
But joyfully, in busy May, gave up our thousands more!

KEARSARGE.

Kearsarge, the mountain which gave its name to the ship that sunk the Alabama, is a noble granite peak in Merrimac County, New Hampshire, rising alone, three thousand feet above the sea.

O LIFT thy head, thou mountain lone,
And mate thee with the sun!
Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,
Thy stars that near at midnight shone
Gone heavenward one by one,
And half of earth, and half of air,
Thou risest vast and gray and bare

And crowned with glory. Far south-west
Monadnoc sinks to see,
For all its trees and towering crest
And clear Contoocook from its breast
Poured down for wood and lea,

How statelier still, through frost and dew,
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,
  Franconia's cliffs look down;
Home to their crags the eagles fly,
Deep in their caves the echoes die,
  The sparkling waters frown,
And the Great Face that guards the glen
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat
  The White Hills scan the plain;
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,
Nor Amonoosuc wild to greet
  The meadows and the main,
Nor snows nor thunders can atone
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band
  Of hills and streams and plains,
Shrined in the songs of native land,—
Linked with the deeds of valor grand
  Told when the bright day wanes,—
Part of the nation's life art thou,
O mountain of the granite brow!

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,
Grace of its goodliest trees;
Nor Norway hills when woodman's blows
Their pines sent crashing through the snows
That kings might rove the seas;
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,
Thrilled with a joy as pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore;
Strength of the hills was hers;
Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,
The pines that hear the north wind roar,
The dark and tapering firs;
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew
Sublimer daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul
Or mountains pierce the air,
Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll;
Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal
Uplifted broad and fair;
And, from thy skies, inspiring gales
O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer keep thy pastures green,
And clothe thy oaks and pines;

Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between;
Snows fall serenely o'er the scene
And veil thy lofty lines;
While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,
The monarch of our mountain-land.

AT HOME.

AN INCIDENT IN THE RETURN OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROOPS.

NOW, Charley, on the knapsacks you 'll find an easy bed;
Our blankets we have folded and smooth above them spread.
The train will soon be starting, — here, drink this cup of wine,
The captain just now sent it, — and, ere the morning shine,
Away by blue Monadnoc, and where the hill-brooks foam,
You will be done with travel and rest in peace at home."

"O boys you 're very good to me; I feel so tired and weak,
That, though I love to listen, I scarce can bear to speak.

But I 'm surely growing better, and if, at early
dawn,
I see our blue Monadnoc my pain will all be
gone ;
And when I hear my mother's voice, and sit
within the door
That opens by the brook-side, I shall be strong
once more.

" How much I have to tell her! My letters
were not long ;
I could not write while on the march nor in the
camp-fire's throng ;
But, when I sit beside her, how sweet 't will
be to say,
' Now, mother, list the story of what befell that
day ; '
O she shall hear of every fight, and count each
weary mile
I 've trod, since faint through silent tears I saw
her parting smile !

" Good night, boys ! I shall sleep now. What
joy it is to feel
We 're drawing nearer, nearer home with each
revolving wheel !

Good night! At dawn you 'll wake me when
round the bend we go,
For there, beside the station, my mother 'll
wait, I know;
And if she does not see me the first to leave
the train,
She 'll think upon some nameless field her boy
at last was slain."

Slow turned away his comrades to snatch an
hour's repose,
Or talk of siege and battle while clear the
moon uprose;
But when the swift train halted, back to his
side they crept,
And saw that on his narrow couch all peace-
fully he slept:
So night wore on to morning, and day began to
dye
With floating rose and amber, the mellow east-
ern sky.

A league and then the station. "Ho!
Charley!" blithe they call,
"Here looms the mountain; yonder the
church-spire rises tall;"

No sound: they bend above him; his brow
is cold and white;
He does not heed their voices, he stirs not for
the light;
Away by blue Monadnoc, and where the hill-
brooks foam,
The boy was done with travel; the soldier had
gone home.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

NOW must the storied Potomac
Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
Give of its century's pride.
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer, —
Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
Sealed in the Lybian sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
Decked with the spoil of the lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
Couched 'mid the prairies serene,

Only the turf and the willow
Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
Verdure and bloom of the sod,—
So in the vale by Beth-peor
Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossom, O prairies!
Snowy and golden and red;
Peers of the Palestine lilies
Heap for your Glorious Dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices —
Cassia and aloes and balm —
Mary the loved and Salome,
All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning
Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the West! breathe around him
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain,

Low with the wail of the people
Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner,—
Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be liberty's Saviour;
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

HEROES.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Shouts, "O ye Gods! 't is Hector falls!"
On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow away,
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where the Greek and the Trojan fought
that day.

Mother Earth! Are the Heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth! are the Heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours;
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done
'T is the pulse of a Hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won
There are the Heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the Heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

DECEMBER 2, 1859, THE DAY OF JOHN BROWN'S EXECUTION.

REAR on high the scaffold-altar! all the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!
Rear it on some hill-side looking North and South and East and West,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him; — from the pines of wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,
And from clear Superior's waters, where the wild swan loves to sail,

To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale, —
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,
For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy, another morn!
And from distant climes and nations men shall Westward gaze and say,
"He who periled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."

Never offering was richer nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;
Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crownèd, not for Dian nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry

When they see him darkly swinging like a
speck against the sky ;
Ah ! the dying of a hero that the right may
win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and
mellow May !
Now his story shall be whispered by the fire-
light's evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton when the hot
noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watchword from Mis-
souri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birth-
day of the Free !

Christ, the crucified, attend him ! Weak and
erring though he be,
In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord !
to love like Thee !
Thou the vine, — Thy friends the branches, —
is he not a branch of Thine,
Though some dregs from earthly vintage have
defiled the heavenly wine ?
Now his tendrils lie unclaspèd, bruised, and
prostrate on the sod, —
Take him to Thine upper garden where the
husbandman is God !

THE WHITE SLAVES.

WRITTEN IN 1860, AFTER SEEING A WHITE SLAVE CHILD PURCHASED AND MADE FREE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE household of a Roman, in Rome's luxurious time,
Was filled with slaves in waiting from every conquered clime.
There were dreamy-eyed Egyptians, born where the lotus blows,
And Syrians won from Lebanon, fair as its sunset glows,
And dancing-girls from Cadiz to while the hours with song,
And dark Numidian beauties, the bronzes of the throng,
And light-haired Scythians that pined beneath his palace dome,
And stately Carthaginian maids who would not smile in Rome!

These were their master's chattels, and humbly watched his ways,
And kept his house, and swelled his train, and graced his festal days ;
But should the princely Roman forget his high disdain,
And love the maid of Carthage or the singing-girl of Spain,
And did she bear him children, wait till his death should be,
And she and they, by Roman Law, were made forever free.

Alas! our later lordlings this partial justice scorn ;
Their hapless children find a night that never knows a morn!
Slaves while their sire is living, and slaves when he is dead ;
No law denies the market the proud Caucasian head ;
But, hurried to the auction, the youth and maid are sold
To save the lands for legal heirs and fill their palms with gold ;

And the ampler is the forehead and the clearer
is the skin,
The sharper grows the contest and the louder
swells the din.
In Rome the sire's patrician blood release and
honor gave, —
With us it only firmer clasps the fetters of the
slave.

And evermore they cry to us in yearning and
despair,
To open Freedom's blessed gate and let them
breathe its air!
The crescent moon has hardly filled since a
fair child of nine,
Her brow just tinted by the land where warmer
sunbeams shine,
With her small mouth all tremulous, and eyelids
wet with tears,
And cheek now crimson and now pale with
changing hopes and fears,
Stood by the church's altar, — 't is there such
prayers belong, —
And asked her life and womanhood of the
great, pitying throng.

Right largely did they answer, and listening
angels bore,
Back to our Lord in heaven one burning story
more.

Up the volcano's sloping sides the oak and
chestnut climb,
And vineyards smile and orchards wave as
floats the vesper chime.
'T is just before the thunder-burst, but the wide
heaven is still
As when an Indian-summer noon lies sleeping
on the hill;
A roar — a crash — a fiery hell shot through
the quivering sky,
And oak and vine and orchard bloom in black-
ened ruin lie!
Beneath us a volcano heaves of more portentous
name,
And millions, waiting wearily, in silence feed
its flame;
No smoke rolls from the crater, nor hot winds
round it blow,
But, deep within its throbbing heart, the fires
are all aglow;

Woe to the land that circles it when the wild
moment falls,
And the long-smothered fury bursts from out
its prison walls!

Now let us wake from sleep and ease before
the fatal day,
Nor dream such grief and wrong can die in
voiceless calm away;
For surely as the mountain stream leaps down
to find the sea,
This high-born race, through love or hate, must
hasten to be free.
Oh, louder, grander, till the words like trumpet-
charges call,
Let every soul cry, "Liberty!" and "Liberty
for all!"

THE SLAVE SALE.

On Wednesday and Thursday of the first week of March, 1859, four hundred and twenty-nine slaves, men, women, and children, the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, were sold at auction, at the Race-course, Savannah, Geo., to pay the debts of their master. None of the Butler slaves had ever been sold before. This sale had been largely advertised, and buyers were present from all the Southern States. When it was over, Mr. Butler presented each slave with a silver dollar.

WHO would not be in Savannah to-day?
Out by the Race-course, — there is the Play, —
Tragedies, comedies, all together
Shaking hands in the wild March weather.
There are hundreds of actors, the programmes tell,
And some, at each scene, are to say farewell;
Trust me, 't will be a marvellous Play,
For this is Pierce Butler's "Benefit" day.

Mark them. See with what eager eyes
They watch and wait till the curtain rise:

Some from the rice-fields broad and green
That stretch the swamp and the shore between ;
And some from St. Simon's Isle, that lies
A league away where the land-breeze dies, —
St. Simon's Isle where the sea-wave flows,
And the fairest and finest cotton grows.
Parents and children, every one,
Have toiled for others since life begun ;
But then each man at his cabin door
Could sit in peace when his work was o'er,
And the same roof covered them all, though slaves,
And the same moon rose on their fathers' graves,
And they laughed and sung and hoped to rest
One day in the soil which their young feet prest.

What does it mean that they tremble here,
Waiting the call of the auctioneer ?
What does it mean ! 'T is a common tale, —
Their master's funds were about to fail ;
Mister Pierce Butler has debts to pay,
And this, good friends, is the only way.
Generous souls ! For his lordly sake
They ought to be willing their hearts should break.

And rejoice to be anywhere, anyhow sold,
To fill his coffers with needful gold!
For what is the grief of such as these
Compared to a gentleman's moneyed ease?
And then, when the little arrangement 's made,
And he feels quite sure 't was a gaining trade,
He 'll give them a dollar! — that will heal
Every sorrow a slave can feel.
Scores for the master and one for his tool, —
Thus he 'll follow the *Golden Rule*
That reads, "To others I 'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

Eleven o'clock and the sale begins, —
Now the best man is the man who wins
Hand and brain at the lowest price
For his fields of cotton and cane and rice.
Buyers are there from the far Southwest
To the Georgian isles on the ocean's breast,
And from Florida jungles, gay with vines,
North to the woods of the Carolines;
And higher and higher the bidding goes,
And wilder, without, the March wind blows,
As one and another, faint with fear,
Are led to the block their doom to hear.
There is Elisha with children and wife,
O how anxiously watching the strife!

A mild-faced man in the crowd they spy, —
Can he not, will he not all of them buy?
And he weeps and pleads, but the man denies,
For he sees where a closer bargain lies,
And their courage sinks and their tears come
fast;
But what of this? When the sale is past
They 'll have a dollar! and that will heal
Every sorrow a slave can feel.
Scores for the master and one for his tool, —
Thus is followed the *Golden Rule*
That reads, "To others I 'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

The wind blew strong and the rain was cold,
And Daphney's babe was but two weeks old,
And to shield them both from the driving
storm
A shawl is over her trembling form:
"Off with it!" "What is the matter?" they
shout,
And the jest and the oath are passed about
Till she droops and shivers and wonders why
It was not hers and her child's to die.
But what of this? When the sale is done,
And the papers are signed and the profits won,

She 'll have a dollar! and that will heal
Every sorrow a slave can feel.
Scores for the master and one for his tool, —
Thus is followed the *Golden Rule*
That reads, " To others I 'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

Jeffrey has neither father nor mother,
But Jeffrey and Dorcas love each other
With a love that never can change or fail,
And he tells his master the simple tale,
And begs him to buy her with earnest tone, —
But Dorcas cannot be sold alone ;
He goes to the swamp-lands, drearily parted,
And she to the cotton-fields, broken-hearted!
But what of this? 'T is a trifling thing ;
Did they not excellent prices bring?
Give them a dollar! — that will heal
Every sorrow a slave can feel.
Scores for the master and one for his tool, —
Thus is followed the *Golden Rule*
That reads, " To others I 'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

Sadly they follow them, one and all,
Till none are left in the farthest stall.

The Play is over; the farewells said;
The curtain dropped and the actors fled;
And the stars shine out, and the breeze goes by,
Sweet with the bloom of the fruit-trees nigh.
A hundred cabins are dark and still,
And the wind and the moonlight may work
their will,
For those who sat by the open door
Will never return to their shelter more,
Nor dance on the lawn when day is past,
Nor sleep by their fathers' graves at last.
But this is nothing; their master paid
For all the ruin and wreck he made;
Each had a dollar! and that will heal
Every sorrow a slave can feel.
Scores for the master and one for his tool, —
Thus he followed the *Golden Rule*
That reads, "To others I 'll do what I see
Will bring the most money to mine and me."

God of the Weak and the Poor! how long
Shall their cries be drowned in the victor's
song,
And body and brain and heart be sold
For the white man's ease and the white man's
gold?

Hast Thou not heard them? Dost Thou not
say
There shall come, at the last, a grander Play,
When Thy searching eye shall the actors see,
And Love the coin of the realm shall be?
Woe to those who 've but gold that day
When vengeance is Thine, and Thou wilt re-
pay!

FOR FREEDOM!

RESPONSE OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS TO THE CALL OF THE PRESIDENT, JANUARY, 1864.

THANK God! 'T is the war-cry! They call us; we come;
Clear summons the bugle, bold beckons the drum;
Our "Ready!" rings clearer; our hearts bolder beat
As under the bright flag rejoicing we meet,
For still we have trusted through darkest delay,
That the flash of these guns would be dawn of our day.

'T is dawning! 't is morning! the hills are aglow!
God's angels roll backward the clouds of our woe!
One grasp of the rifle, one glimpse of the fray,
And chattel and bondman have vanished for aye;

Stern men they will find us who venture to feel
The shock of our cannon, the thrust of our steel.

And then, when the fierce day is done, in the gleam
Of the camp-fire at midnight, how gayly we 'll dream! —
The slave is the citizen, coveted name!
That lifts him from loathing, that shields him from shame;
His cottage unravished, and, blithesome as he,
His wife by the hearthstone, his babe on her knee.

The cotton grows fair by the sea as of old;
The cane yields its sugar, the orange its gold;
Light rustle the corn-leaves, the rice-fields are green,
And, free as the white man, he smiles on the scene; —
The drum beats; we start from our slumbers and pray
That the dream of the night find an answering day.

To God be the glory! They call us; we
come;
How welcome the watchword, the hurry, the
hum;
Our hearts are on fire as our good swords we
bare,
"For Freedom! for Freedom!" soft echoes
the air;
The bugles ring cheerly; our banners float
high;
O comrades, strike boldly! our triumph is
nigh!

CHIMES OF NOON.

NOON by God's unerring dial, — highest
noon of earth and time, —
Through the great cathedral heavens, hark!
the chimes peal out sublime!
Chimes that marked the rounding ages, ever
grander in their play,
Ringing clear when Right was victor, up through
all the morning gray;
Now they blend and rise triumphant, — blessed
Bells! how sweet your singing!
'T is the chorus of the ages, — 't is the noon-
day chimes are ringing!

God be praised! we softly echo, as the won-
drous music swells,
Swaying all the warm tides hidden deep in
feeling's holy wells;
God be praised! it is the singing earth has
yearned so long to hear
Stealing through the tumult, bringing promise
of the nobler year!

"Liberty for every creature!" — thus the
mellow measures flow, —
"Liberty and Love and Honor!" chant the
bells serene and slow.

Fainter now — the peans falter — while a wail-
ing, alien strain,
Winding through its mournful minor, thrills
the air with sudden pain;
List! the happy voices drown it, — sorrow
shall not mar the boon
Of the bells that high and cheerly sound the
glorious airs of Noon!
"Liberty the wide earth over!" — still the
measures rise and fall, —
"God, the Father — Man, the Brother — so
an end of scorn and thrall."

Chimes celestial! we are drifting by your calm,
melodious tune,
Out of cloudy, misty morning into sunlit after-
noon.
There are seas for wary sailing, there are
mountains steep to climb,
Ere we gain the placid regions of the world's
millennial prime;

Still the rage and roar of battle, still the pride
and power of wrong,
Yet our labor shall be lighter, hearing sweet
your prophet-song.

From the Future, while we listen, fades the
filmy veil away,
Broad the sunset glory brightens, burns to
greet the Eternal Day!
Vanish earth's despairing shadows, — o'er her
plains what splendors shine!
Drained, the brimming cup of vengeance, now
she quaffs divinest wine!
Clearer, sweeter chimes are rising as in radi-
ance melts the sun, —
'T is the welcome of the angels. Alleluiah!
Heaven is won!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To the minstrel said the king,
"Sing you mournful songs or glad?"
"Nay, sire, 't is of life I sing;
Gay to-day, to-morrow sad."

"Minstrel, tell us not of tears;
Dulcet notes to joy belong."
"Nay, sire, he who sorrow fears
Will not hear the sweetest song."

CONSUMMATION.

„Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!"
Thekla's Song.

OUT of dreams, in the midnight gloom,
I wake and the wind blows over the sea;
It has heard the storm and the thunder boom,
And the petrel cry, on its way to me.
Through the lattice it sighs and swells,
But my heart is so light and glad and gay,
That it comes like the music of fairy bells,
Rung in the green wood, far away;
Sweet as the carol the children sing
When lover and bride from the altar go,
And under the shadow the lindens fling,
Enter their door in the sunset glow.

Still, to-night, from the starless sky
Will fall the white frost's glittering sheen,
And faint in its chill embrace will lie
Bud and blossom and mossy green.

Dead they will droop in the pallid noon,
But I shall not weep for their sweetness fled,
For hid in my heart's immortal June
Is a flower unfolding, glorious red.
Moan, O wind of the stormy deep!
'T is the breeze from the Isles of the Blest I hear;
Sink, fair blooms, to your wintry sleep!
There 's a fairer waiting to crown the year.

When the rose has opened, the nightingale cares
No more for the paler buds that blow;
When the pearl is the prize which the diver bears,
The sea may sleep in its depths below.
Love is the rose earth's bowers enshrine,
And the gleaming pearl of the caverned sea;
Now the rose and the pearl are mine, are mine,
And what is the land or the wave to me?
Death may come in the morning glow,
Or under the sunset's amber shine, —
I shall say, "Welcome! I wait to go,
For the rose and the pearl are mine, are mine!"

CLOUDS.

WHAT Alps of clouds! The distant, airy deep
Is broken up, and fleecy mountains tower,
Pile over pile, and drift across the blue,
Wild driven by the warm, fierce wind that blows
From fiery Mars; while through their rents and chasms
Shines the pure ether of the outer realm,
And links the lone earth to her sister spheres.
Glorious! The Universe is mine the while!
Fleet Mercury, companion of the sun,
And far Uranus with his loitering years,
And all the myriad, myriad worlds that roll
Beyond our vision dim, but seen of God,
And heard in symphonies about His throne.
And if, above the splendor of these cliffs,
Some white-winged angel should this moment poise,

And in a voice of luring sweetness sing,
"Come hither, hither with the seraphim!"
I should as lightly follow as the child,
Who, tired of silent books and narrow walls,
Hears from the garden bowers his mother call,
And bounds to meet her, knowing they shall roam
Through leafy woodlands and by singing streams.
Are not the heavens God's pastures of delight,
Whither He leads us when our tasks are done?
Give placid, brooding skies to Time and Love,
Fond human love that nestles in the vale
And shuns the wide horizon and the storm;
But, for Immortal Birth, a sky like this,
Upheaved, tumultuous, with a rushing wind
Swept from the farthest circle of the stars
To bear the rapt, exultant soul away!

Or such an evening as I saw in June:
All day the rain had fallen, but the clouds
Lifted at twilight, and to eastward rolled;
And, from wet woods and fields, a silver mist
Rose silently, half zenith high, and robed
The near horizon, mountains, meadows, groves,
In the soft lustre of its filmy veil,

So light, so thin, that through its shroud the pines
Loomed darkly, like the ghost of Loda seen
By moonlight on the hills of Inistore.
When, lo! above the still expanse, a cloud
Lit by the beams of the departed sun!
A ship of flame with crimson sails and masts
All fiery bright, God's glowing galleon,
Celestial freighted for some Eden shore.
And ravished, breathless, fain I would have cried,
"Ho! tarry! hither turn thy gleaming prow,
And take my soul across the silver sea!"

Or an October sunset in the hills:
The west was banked with clouds; the sun obscured;
When, suddenly, just on the horizon's verge,
He burst forth in farewell. O wondrous change!
The south was sapphire through a filmy haze;
The north, the clear, pale, emerald green of waves
That break in foam upon a shelving shore;
The dull, gray bars were palace-pillars tall,
Of gorgeous marbles, jasper, porphyry,

And flawless, blushing granite such as floats,
From far Syene quarries down the Nile.
And domes of purest gold above them shone,
And towers with many a banner burning high, —
Purple and scarlet on an amber sheen, —
While walls of topaz and great rubies blazed,
As flashed the sun or blew the shifting breeze
O'er the wide courts and through the columned aisles.
Nay, 't was no earthly palace, but the Bride, —
The New Jerusalem from God come down, —
And I had but to cross the close-reapt fields,
And pass the brook and gain the mountain's brow,
To swing the gate of pearl and enter in,
Forever done with death and pain and tears!

THY PSYCHE.

LIKE a strain of wondrous music rising up
in cloister dim,
Through my life's unwritten measures thou
dost steal, a glorious hymn!
All the joys of earth and heaven in the singing
meet and flow,
Richer, sweeter for the wailing of an undertone
of woe;
How I linger, how I listen for each mellow note
that falls,
Clear as chime of angels floating downward
o'er the jasper walls.

Every night when winds are moaning round
my chamber by the sea,
Thine 's the face that, through the darkness,
latest looks with love at me;
And I dream, ere thou departest thou dost
press thy lips to mine, —

Then I sleep as slept the immortals after
draughts of Hebe's wine!
As the young Endymion slumbered in a moon-
light trance of bliss,
When, on lonely Latmos lying, Dian stooped
his lips to kiss!

'T was thy soul-wife, 't was thy Psyche, one
uplifted, heavenly day
Thou didst call me, — how divinely on thy
brow love's glory lay!
Thou, my Cupid, — not the boy-god whom the
Thespians did adore,
But the man so large, so noble, truer god than
Venus bore.
I, thy Psyche, — yet what blackness in this
thread of gold is wove;
Thou canst never, never lead me proud before
the throne of Jove!
All the gods might strive to help thee through
the longest summer day;
Still would watch the fatal Sisters spinning in
the twilight gray,
And their calm and silent faces, changeless,
looking through the gloom,
From eternity would answer, "Thou canst
ne'er escape thy doom."

Couldst thou claim me, couldst thou clasp me,
'neath the blue Elysian skies,
Then what music and what odor through their
azure depths would rise!
Roses all the Hours would scatter; every god
would bring us joy;
So, in perfect loving blended, bliss would never
know alloy.

O my heart! the vision changes; fades the
soft, celestial blue;
Dies away the rapturous music, thrilling all my
pulses through;
Lone I sit within my chamber, storms are beating
'gainst the pane,
And my tears are falling faster than the chill
December rain, —
Yet, though I am doomed to linger, joyless, on
this earthly shore,
Thou art Cupid, I am Psyche, we are wedded
evermore.

THE WELCOME SLEEP.

"Ibi pax erit perennis
Et lætitia solennis."

DAY by day, when the clear wind blows,
Sad, by the door, the old man goes,
With his cautious step and his thin, white hair
Lightly tossed by the wanton air.
Slowly down the street he walks,
And sometimes low to himself he talks
Of the mother's voice and the childhood times,
The daisied fields and the Sabbath chimes,
And the wife and the baby gone to rest
Long ago, in the green earth's breast.
Then on his staff he leans, to mark
The ships come over the harbor bar,
And dimly dreams each wandering bark
Has sailed from the land where the loved ones are.
The blank sun stares in his faded eye;
He sees the fleet gulls seaward fly;

And the mists of the ocean melt in air,
Like the hopes that have vanished, fleet and fair.
"Rest, O Father!" I hear him say, —
"When will the evening end the day,
And the tired have blessed leave to creep
Under the cool and quiet sod,
Into the sleep so long and deep
That falls on the weary eyes from God?"

A maiden, by the old man's side,
Looks tenderly across the sea;
The wind, from off the waters wide,
Sweeps the gulls in snowy whirls,
And backward blows her chestnut curls,
As in a dream leans she,
Poised on her slender foot, to mark
The ships sail homeward o'er the bar,
And think how soon will rise the bark
That bears her love from isles afar.
And all the joy of bride and wife
Comes, timid, in her face to shine,
As low she cries, "How sweet is life!
O Wind! I drink your breath like wine;
For I know you waft, o'er the foaming sea,
In sun and in tempest, my love to me!"

Alas! This welcome, wooing breeze
That wings her thoughts as the white gulls soar,
Deep 'mid the reefs of the coral seas
Has whelmed that bark and the souls it bore.
Through the rosy morns and the twilights pale
She will sigh for the gleam of the vanished sail,
And the form that lies where the sea-flowers twine
Rocked by the swell of the heaving brine, —
Till hope is dead, and her white lips say,
"When will the evening end the day,
And the tired have blessed leave to creep
Under the cool and quiet sod,
Into the sleep so long and deep
That falls on the weary eyes from God?"

Ah! we are all like the maiden fair,
Or the faint old man with the silver hair!
We have seen the buds of the spring decay,
And the gold of the morning turn to gray;
Or, off some harbor, with eager eyes
We watch for a bark that will never rise,
Thrilled with joy at the flattering breath
That has borne our all to the gulfs of death!
And, early or late, we, too, shall say,

"When will the evening end the day,
And the tired have blessed leave to creep
Under the cool and quiet sod,
Into the sleep so long and deep
That falls on the weary eyes from God?"

INDIAN SUMMER.

'T IS Indian Summer's richest, latest day;
The skies are bending down, serenely blue;
And, to the south wind's sigh, the branches sway
With answering music as they lightly strew
Upon the ground beneath, the gorgeous leaves
Of russet-green and ruby-red and gold,
So bright, my heart, sad as the south wind, grieves
To see their glories sinking in the mould!
And every gay and gladsome thing seems taking
A lingering leave of grove and field and sky;
Birds, all the glens and forest aisles forsaking,
In croft and orchard sweet lament are making
For roses dead and loveless winter nigh.
The bees are hovering o'er the lonely flowers,
The gift of mild September's sunny hours, —

Pale asters that have lived through frosty eves,
And still in languid beauty tint their leaves
Amid the mountain fern, that yet retains
Its fragrant breath through all the autumnal rains,
And meek *immortelles* that, till snows appear,
Will mourn the buried splendors of the year;
While squirrels haste with nuts and acorns brown
That every waft above the wood brings down;
And, on the wing, a golden butterfly,
The last, the loveliest, is flitting by.
So calm! so fair! yet well I know at morn
Wild winds will blow till all the groves are shorn,
And soft mists vanish and the mountains rise
Cold and severe in melancholy skies.
Now fades the sun from hill and stream and dell,—
O mellow Indian Summer! fare thee well!

"THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT."

PAINTED BY GEROME.

UPON his cloak the Arab stands;
Behind him stretch the solemn sands
Back to the barren hills that lie
Serene against the azure sky.
Slow-winding from their dim defiles
O'er scorching waste and sedgy isles,
From lordly Cairo, Mecca-bound,
Threading the plain without a sound
Save when the burdened camels groan
Or tents are pitched by fountain-stone,
The long-drawn caravan is seen
Wrapped in the desert's blinding sheen.

No muezzin calls from minaret
Though clear the burning sun has set;
But waste and hill and brooding sky
Have stirred his soul to deep reply,

And he, the chief of all his tribe,
Has spurred him forward to ascribe
Glory to Allah, ere the gloom
And fierceness of the dread simoom
Shall overwhelm, or failing well
No pilgrim spare, His power to tell.

He plants his lance; his steed he frees:
Light from the north the rising breeze
Lifts the hot cloud, and moans away
Down to some Petra's still decay,
Sad, as if wailing fall and rise
Were won from dying pilgrims' sighs, —
Their couch by billowy sands o'erblown
Where Azrael keeps watch alone.
And now, his sandals' weight unbound,
The desert space is holy ground;
No more he sees the weary train,
The sombre hills, the dusty plain,
But greenest fields of Paradise
Shine fair before his ravished eyes.
He hears the flow of crystal streams,
He sees the wondrous light that gleams
From Allah's throne, ablaze with gems,
And, far below, the slender stems
Of plumy palms, whose ripe dates fall

When winds blow cool across the wall;
While sweeter than the bulbul's note
Within the dusk pomegranate bowers,
When his full soul he fain would float
Forth to their yearning, flaming flowers,
The voice of angel Israfeel
Comes winding, warbling through the air,—
O that 't were resurrection's peal,
And he, the dead, might waken there, —
Waken and follow Eden-ward,
Lost in the splendor of the Lord!

Soon will his comrades round him throng,
While tents are pitched with jest and song;
But not the night-dews, chill and fleet,
Nor noon-tide's burning, blasting heat,
Nor red simoom, nor mocking well
Can break his vision's sacred spell,
Nor lure his joy that forward flies
To build and sing in fairer skies.

O Arab! we are one with thee!
All day we rove some desert sea;
The winds are dead, the wells are dry,
Above us flames the torrid sky;
And only in some twilight calm,

When fires are spent and air is balm,
Beyond our griefs and fears we ride;
Our sandal-cares we cast aside;
The clouds of doubt are backward blown,
And lo! we meet the Lord alone!

ON THE LAWN.

THEN Delia with the dulcet voice came down
Where, on the lawn, beneath the maples' shade,
I sat with Lilian. In her hand she held
An open book; and, throwing off her hat,
While o'er her shoulders drooped her raven hair,
And her lips trembled like the rose of June
When first the wandering zephyr comes to woo:
"Here in this book," she said, — in faltering tones,
As sweet and sad as those the cuckoo frames,
Hid in her leafy covert, when the wind
Sighs from the east and clouds are set for rain, —
"This book of love-lore, I have found a cry

Wrung from the heart; a simple, passionate
strain
That makes me weep for pity. Let me read:"

No! I never can forget!
But my eyes must still be wet
With these unavailing tears
Through the wearying lapse of years;
And my cheek, so wan and faded,
Still must be the deepest shaded;
Never more can earthly balm
Bring my brow a moment's calm.

O the golden eve we met!
In the sea the sun had set;
Not a cloud to break the wide
Blaze of glory where the tide
And the sky shone, molten one,
As if earth and time were done;
So they were for you and me!
And the wind blew fresh and free
Down the sandy, sparkling shore:
Still I hear the breakers roar,
And the circling gulls behold,
Snow against the sunset gold.

Then, O mystery divine!
Each of each said, "Thou art mine!"
Saw it in the beaming eye,
Heard it in the rising sigh,

Felt it in the thrill that crept
Through our pulses as we stept
O'er the boat-side, and afar
Sailed to greet the vesper star.
Canst thou tell how feeling stole
Up, at last, to words, and soul
Mixed with soul, as wave with wave
Rolled that shining shore to lave?
If thou canst, I 'll tell thee how
Leaf-buds open on the bough;
Lilies whiten in the lake;
Birds their sweet election make.
Ah! the miracle is old;
We were mated, wedded, given
With a sweetness manifold
Up to all earth knows of heaven.
And, despite these cruel years,
Bitter partings, silent tears,
Still I know the purpose stands, —
We have but unclasped our hands
Till across the shoreless sea
Thou shalt sail and dream with me!

No! I never can forget!
In the land that knows no sorrow
We shall claim each other yet!
Still through scorn and grief and blame,
Outward frost and inward flame,
Wait I for the blissful morrow
That shall dawn where nought, I ween,
Cometh wedded souls between!

All the airs of heaven will play
Soft about us on the day
We shall pledge ourselves to be
Lovers through eternity.
So, when earthly suns are set,
Dearest love! I can forget!

"Alas!" laughed Lilian, "what a woful case!"
Be sure the lady shut herself in gloom
Of mouldy rooms, and scorned the kindly love
That might have come to make her cheerful still;
Nor ever crossed her door to greet the sun,
Nor gathered violets under April skies,
Nor played with children in the winter eves;
Thus she had dried her tears. Give me the book,
And if I cannot find a gayer song,
One whose pure honey is not turned to gall,
I 'll say it is no hive of love. Lo, here,—
Here is a pleasant rhyme:"

Morn of Eden! All the angels must have warbled through the air
Just as dawn was lighting darkness slowly westward, silver fair;
Never south wind blew so balmy from the dusky woodland dells,
Never lark such song uplifted where the crimson clover swells;

Now the sunlight floods the valley and the crown of joy is mine, —
I shall wed my dove, my darling, ere another morning shine.

Peerless Daisy! down the meadow I can see thy windows gleam,
Curtained still, for thou dost slumber, lost in some delicious dream;
So it be of me and thee, love, sleep may smooth thy tresses brown
Till thy mother wake thee: "Daisy, thou must wear thy wedding-gown."
So it be of me and thee, love, thou shalt stir not for the sun,
And from this May night forever will thy dream and mine be one.

With the waning purple twilight will the guests begin to meet,
And the house be full of music and the mirth of dancing feet;
I shall only see my Daisy, with the white rose in her hair,
And the blushing face beneath it, O a thousand times as fair!
And be glad when gayly backward is the latest parting thrown,
And, within the silent portal, we are left with love alone.

Ah, happy Lilian! As she ceased I saw,
Clasped in her azure belt, the lily buds
Young Gerald gathered from the lake at morn.
What had regret or grief to do with her?

TAKE HEART!

ALL day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell down the autumn's frosty rime,—
Yet I am not as one that grieves,

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

IN DREAMS.

MY love, my love, when falls the summer rain
With soothing music on the midnight eaves,
I dream a dream of mingled bliss and pain :
Deep in our heart-fields do I rove again,
And bind with thee the ripe and shining sheaves.

O Land of Joy ! the purple mountains flinging
Rich bars of shade across our sunny ease,
The spicy blooms, the groves with bird-notes ringing,
And, sweet through all, the wind a carol singing
Of fairer morns to rise o'er rosy seas.

Love's harvest clime, alas ! is ours no more !
For other hearts is heaped the golden grain !
We may not glean where glad we reapt before,

Nor sing the songs, nor wear the smiles we
wore,
Nor hear the wind blow sweet across the
plain.

Yet still, my love, when fall the summer
showers
With soothing music on the midnight eaves,
I dream a dream that all my life o'erpowers:
Blithe in our heart-fields do I pluck the flowers,
And bind with thee the ripe and shining
sheaves.

DAILY DYING.

NOT in a moment drops the rose
That in a summer garden grows:
A robin sings beneath the tree
A twilight song of ecstasy,
And the red, red leaves at its fragrant heart,
Trembling so in delicious pain,
Fall to the ground with a sudden start,
And the grass is gay with a crimson stain;
And a honey-bee, out of the fields of clover,
Heavily flying the garden over,
Brushes the stem as it passes by,
And others fall where the heart-leaves lie,
And air and dew, ere the night is done,
Have stolen the petals, every one.

And sunset's gleam of gorgeous dyes
Ne'er with one shadow fades away,
But slowly o'er those radiant skies
There steals the evening cold and gray,

And amber and violet linger still
When stars are over the eastern hill.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow-wandering over wood and plain,
One by one they waver through
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,
And drop, at last, on the forest mould,
Coral and ruby and burning gold.

Our death is gradual, like to these;
We die with every waning day;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away!
Up and on to the vast To Be
Our life is going eternally!
Less of earth than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in mine,
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
While the gates of the city fairer shine,
And the day that our latest treasures flee,
Wide they will open for you and me!

THE WIND IN THE PINE.

O WAILING Wind! what words are thine,
As through the dark, o'erhanging pine,
Beneath whose dusky shadow's play
I dream this August noon away,
Thou murmurest now with voice as sad
As if thy heart were never glad?
As if this weird and towering tree
Were all of life and love to thee,
And only from its cloister dim
Could rise thy low, mysterious hymn?

Thou shouldst not breathe so wild a lay
On summer's clearest, gayest day, —
For up the sombre branches through
I see the sky's delicious blue,
And, bright the mountain track across,
The sunshine falls on crag and moss,
And shows the white *immortelle* flower
That gleams alike through shine and shower,

In clustered grace amid the fern
Green-waving by the crystal burn;
And fair beside the forest gloom
Lights up the aster's purple bloom,
And gilds the golden-rods that glow
In sprays of splendor, far below:
While, deep within the windless wood,
I hear a cuckoo's silver call,
That stirs the slumberous solitude
With many a mellow rise and fall.

O I have watched thee woo the rose
So tenderly, at daylight's close!
And seen thee brush the morning dew
From off the violet's leaves of blue,
And whisper to a bed of daisies
Just newly blown, uncounted praises;
And then, (so fickle was thy love,)
Hide in the foxglove's honeyed cell,
And rock the tulip's gorgeous bell,
All in the face of the pure heaven, —
As if to roving winds 't were given
To gain the sweets of every flower,
And make each cup a bridal bower,
When summer suns shone out above!
And songs that seraphs might have sung,

I 've heard thee sing, and backward flung
My window lattice, fain to hear
The strain again so fine and clear !

But now those joyous tones are fled,
And, like a dirge above the dead,
Thy melancholy measures fall, —
O have they stirred a funeral pall
Folded mutely, coldly over
Some maiden's fond and faithful lover ?
Or where, by stormy Labrador,
Through brooding mists the sea-birds soar,
Didst waft the bark the fisher gave
Light-winged as they, to morning wave,
Swift leagues across the sunless blue
'Till the red rocks were lost to view,
To see it sink, in evening foam,
Full in the sight of wife and home ?
Or, sadder far than scene like this,
O hast thou marked the living death
Of one so long bereft of bliss
He yearns to yield his lingering breath ? —
To whom the angel's face would be
Like gleam of morn to souls at sea
All the night tossing wearily ! —

And thrilled and filled with his despair,
Hast come to grieve our mountain air?

O wailing Wind! I listen well;
What mournful secret wouldst thou tell?
Now night comes noiseless o'er the hill,
The vesper star looks out in heaven,
And all the air is hushed and still
Save when a mountain bird has given
His rushing pinions to the blue
And silent depths he circles through,
Up to his eyrie in the shade
Some cliff's declining brow has made,
And I must to the valley go,
That lies in evening calm below.
There nested robins peaceful fold
Their wings above their breasts of gold,
But yet another note they 'll try
When they shall hear me gliding by;
And waves of shade, in meadow-grass,
Will run to greet me as I pass,
And many a soft, caressing breeze
Come fragrant up from clover leas,
And scarlet honeysuckles droop
In welcome as I lightly stoop,

And part the arbored vines, and o'er
The threshold gain my chamber door.

But often, when the skies are clear
  And not a whisper 's in the vale,
If down the mountain floats a tone
Sweet and sorrowful and lone
  Like music blended with a moan,
I 'll climb this rocky steep to hear,
  Beneath the pine, thy tearful tale.
And I will tell thee all my heart,
  And thou shalt give me back thine own,
And haply thus, when next we part,
  Thy burden will have lighter grown.
Farewell! Thy woes shall all be mine,
O Singer in the mountain pine!

HEART-DEATHS.

HEARTS oft die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er,
Ere the last evening gray.

I 've sometimes looked on closèd eyes,
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "It was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago."

O blessed Death, that makes our bed
Beneath the daisies deep!
O mocking Life, when hearts have fled,
And eyes must watch and weep!

A SUMMER DAY.

O FOR a summer day when time was young
And o'er the hills Aurora led the morn,
While olive groves and fir-dark mountains rung
To the clear winding of Diana's horn!
And on the woody heights, his Nymphs among,
Or Fauns eluding, in some cave forlorn,
Great Pan from woven reeds sweet music flung
To the soft winds that curled Demeter's corn.
And, lapt in languor, by the crystal springs
The white-armed Naiads leaned upon their urns,
And Sylphs flew past on silent, rainbow wings,
And Dryads whispered by the drooping ferns,
Where, hid in myrtles from Apollo's ray,
Resplendent Venus slept the noon away.

And sea-crowned Nereus watched the snowy sails
Cross the Ægean in some golden quest,

While from Olympus stole celestial gales
Perchance had ruffled glorious Juno's vest;
And Jove's swift eagles soared above the vales,
Lost in the Sun-god as they neared the west;
And shepherds told of Hermes wondrous tales,
And how Persephone was Pluto's guest, —
Till starry Night came down so still and fair
That gods and men were lulled to like repose,
And Sleep, the cherub, ere they were aware
With poppies twined their morning wreath of rose,
And, through the Ivory Gate, in blissful vision,
They roamed the gardens of the realm Elysian.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I AM so blithe and glad to-day!
At morn I heard a bluebird sing;
The bluebird, warbling soul of spring,
The prophet of the leafy May, —
And I knew the violets under the tree
Would listen and look the bird to see,
Peeping timidly, here and there,
In purple and odor to charm the air;
And the wind-flower lift its rose-veined cup,
In the leaves of the old year buried up,
And all the delicate buds that bloom
On the moss-beds, deep in the forest gloom,
Would stir in their slumber, and catch the strain,
And dream of the sun and the April rain, —
For spring has come when the bluebird sings,
And folds in the maple his glossy wings,

And the wind may blow and the storm may
fall,
But the voice of summer is heard in all.

I am so blithe and glad to-day!
My heart, beside the bluebird, sings,
And folds, serene, its weary wings,
And knows the hours lead on to May.

ALLAN.

IF it were Allan's step that stirred
The rose by the door! — or a deeper word
In the song of the camp, he gayly sings,
That shook the tree and the twining rings
Of the vines that over my casement creep!
The moon is up; does the night wind sleep?
So in the hush and the tender shine
'T were Allan, what joy could mate with mine?

Allan's bride I had been to-night;
Did you not hear a footstep light,
Over the flag-stone, up the stair?
O my heart! if 't were Allan there,
Out of his camp in the wild Southwest
Come to clasp his bride to his breast!
See! a shadow athwart the floor!
Lift the latch quickly; open the door
And let my lover, my warrior in,
That I may be first his smile to win.

Ah, no! nor step, nor voice in tune,
But the wind that woke with the climbing moon
To stir the boughs, and along the stair
Sigh for the foot that falls not there!
But the swaying shade of the willow thrown
Dark on the wall and the wide hearth-stone!
Low let the curtains fall; loose my hair;
What care I though the night be fair?
All the stars in the skies might set
If Allan could whisper, "Margaret!"

He will not come; but his thoughts, I know,
Are of home and me in the tent-fire's glow;
And he bends by the flickering flame to write,
"Love, it is still our wedding night!
For in heart and soul, though leagues divide,
Fondly I clasp my promised bride."
Or out in the darkness he whispers low,
As he follows the track of the flying foe,
"O if my path to-night were free,
How swift would I ride, my love, to thee!"

God be his keeper!—listen! I hear
Steps by the garden-gate—now they draw
near!
Throw up the curtain; the moon 's in the west;

The wind in the willow is lulled to rest;
Hush! there 's a foot on the stone, the stair, —
Is it some messenger sent to bear
Tidings of sorrow? Unbar the door
And see who hurries the threshold o'er.
What greeting! My eyes with tears are
wet, —
O joy! it is Allan! — "My Margaret!"

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE.

NOW summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
But, Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And, over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns, serenely fair.

Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear;
Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear
Though friends grow cold or fond love woos;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings:
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise
And far the radiant angel flees, —
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall more resplendent rise
Where summer needs nor sun nor moon.
And every bud, on love's low tree,
Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,
In fullest flower I yet shall see
High blooming by the jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,
And wild regrets that veil the sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
And my long glory be begun!
Let the years come to bless or bruise;
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose!

NIGHT-FALL.

ROSE and amber round he sun,
Lo! another day is done!
Now while soft the night-winds call,
Dews and purple shadows fall,
And upon the horizon's rim
Sleep the mountains vast and dim.
In the embrace of watching skies
Earth will rest till morning rise.

When the shadows fall for me,
Love! my rose and amber be!
And on life's horizon rim
Heavenly mountains slumber dim.
Saviour! Jesus! to thy breast
Fold me then in perfect rest;
Safe in shielding such as thine
Till the eternal morning shine!

THE BIRD AT GREENWOOD.

FROM the grave of a lovely maiden
A white cross upward sprung,
And aloft on the carvèd marble
A Bird in the sunset sung.

The sky was a dome of glory
As the sun dropped down in the sea,
And the dusk of the purple shadows
Fell over the graves and me.

And winds from the meadows blowing,
Whispered and died away,
But the Bird sang on in the stillness
Of the slowly waning day.

Sweet as the hymns of angels
Floating the valley o'er,

Were the notes the twilight zephyrs
  Down from the white cross bore ;

And the loved ones slept no longer
  Under the daisied green,
But smiled in immortal beauty
  The radiant clouds between.

Sorrow and parting over,
  Lover and maid were there,
And the mother pressed to her bosom
  The babe with its golden hair ;

While the Bird sang louder, clearer,
  A rich, exulting lay,
Till the evening shades grew darker,
  And the vision passed away.

Then the Singer with silent pinion
  Up from the white cross flew,
Over the slumbering ocean,
  Into the deepening blue.

Perhaps in a swaying willow
  It sought its sheltered nest,

And, lulled by the leafy murmur,
Stooped to delicious rest.

Perhaps, — by the latest crimson
That lingered along the strand,
Over the fading sunset
It soared to the Deathless Land.

TRUST.

I AM not afraid of dying;
When the midnight winds are sighing
I could beckon them to waft me, waft me to the upper skies;
And when clear the moon has risen
From her cloudy, eastern prison,
I could sink with her o'er hills of dawn, nor wish again to rise.

Earth with charms I cannot number
Woos me to a placid slumber,
Dreamless, deep, and all unbroken 'neath the summer turf so green;
Roses everywhere are blowing;
Will a better time for going
To the land of sleep and silence come life's morn and eve between?

I am not afraid of dying;
In such holy quiet lying,
There would come no weary waking with a weight upon my breast;
Were the mornings gray or golden,
By a sweet enchantment holden
I should slumber till the angels bore me up to heavenly rest.

Mine 's a short and simple story;
O! thou tender Lord of Glory!
Take me gently in thy bosom when I 'm weary of the way!
Only let me see Thee clearer,
Only whisper, "Child, come nearer," —
So my living shall be blessèd as my welcome dying day.

WINTHROP EARL.

ROSY mouth and eyes of gray
Soft as twilight's tender ray,
Voice like song of robin sung
Blooming groves of May among,
Silken hair in sunny curl, —
How we loved him — Winthrop Earl!

Twice the summer round his head
Wreathed its roses white and red;
Twice o'er garden, roof, and wall
Light he watched the snow-flakes fall;
Then from life's bewildering whirl
Fled forever — Winthrop Earl!

Ere had blown one chilling breeze,
Lo! he sought unruffled seas!
Shunned the gulfs, the treacherous sands,
Neared the far, celestial lands, —
So a stainless sail to furl
In God's harbor — Winthrop Earl!

THE PRIEST AND I.

AM I too happy? Have I lost
The hymns of heaven, the shining host,
For the low song my Bertrand sings
Beneath the shade the myrtle flings
Across the door in sunset glow?
And for my cherub Angelo? —
My glorious boy with sweeter smile
Than wears, within St. Francis's aisle,
That infant John the friars say
Will yet take wing and soar away!
Nay, — Mary, grace! with hair of gold
And brow like the young Christ's you hold,
O'er the high altar, hovering fair,
Upborne by clear, celestial air!

How calm he sleeps upon my breast!
Would the great Father send such guest
Into my bosom, if to win
And welcome were a deadly sin?

Or give the boy my Bertrand's eyes
If evil lurked in Bertrand's guise?
Hark! 't is his step across the sward;
Forgive me if I wander, Lord!
But O, I surely love Thee more
For the dear face beside the door,
And for the fond arms' tender fold,
Than if I knelt, a maiden cold,
And only knew of love and Thee
What the lone cloister taught to me.

And yet the Priest says I have sealed
My own damnation; madly healed
My orphan sorrow with a name
Will send me straight to burning flame!
Because I dared to give my vows
To Bertrand; would not be the spouse
Of Holy Church, and wear the veil
Within the convent's dreary pale,—
Our Lady's,—hid in dusk of trees
High up the chilly Pyrenees,
Where the white, ghostly nuns look out,
And wild winds toss the boughs about,
And moan and mutter through the air,
Of fast and scourge and midnight prayer.

O, what a living death were mine,
Locked in that gloom of fir and pine!

And here, like roses to the sun,
My bright days open, one by one;
And, deep within their bloom, my heart
Sings like some nightingale apart
In orange grove, while winds of May
Up the still valley waft his lay!
And have I failed of heaven for this?
Bartered my soul for Bertrand's kiss?
Foregone sweet Mary's kindly care
Because my boy, like hers, is fair?
And does God mock our yearnings so?
Nay! 't is a fiendish lie, I know!
God smiles on earth, though throned above;
And what is heaven but purer love?
We three, together, glad will go, —
Bertrand and I and Angelo!

ROBERT BURNS.

O MY Poet! thou didst cast it
In the furrow of the years,
That "A man 's a man for a' that;"
Thou didst water it with tears.
Now the harvest-time is coming;
Now the fields are white with grain;
Thou, the sower, art the reaper,
Binding sheaves on every plain.
From thy errors we absolve thee,
Soul at rest beneath the sod! —
Say, "He was of man the lover;
Leave him to the love of God."

There are kings with crown and sceptre
Ruling proud o'er shores and seas; —
Thou hast empire wider, grander,
Than the stateliest of these.
Theirs by mountain chains is bounded,
Or a river's winding line;

Thine sweeps broad from tropic palm-trees
To the farthest polar pine.
And, till dawn millennial ages,
As their memory backward turns,
Truest Brother, sweetest Singer,
Men shall reckon Robert Burns.

THE EVENING ANGEL.

THE snowy day was sinking down
To gloomy eve, without a star,
And winds, wild moaning from the sea,
Swept inward o'er the harbor bar.

Half dreaming, by the twilight fire,
Of vanished loves and snow-piled graves,
I sang a wind-like song that stole
From the drear waste of memory's waves.

The curtains o'er the windows fell;
The clock ticked softly on the wall;
The firelight glowed; but, in my heart,
What drifting snows enveloped all!

Still deeper grew the shadows' play;
The wind blew wilder from the sea;

When a warm hand was laid in mine,
And lo! an Angel watched with me!

A murmuring music filled the room;
The air grew sweet with spring-time flowers;
The clock ticked softer on the wall,
As loth to count immortal hours.

No word the Angel spoke, but love
So tender-true was in his smile,
And on his brow such perfect peace,
That I, who sighed and wept erewhile,

Grew strong and tranquil in his glance;
It was no atmosphere for tears;
And, from his radiance, golden gleams
Illumined past and coming years.

I did not breathe a single prayer;
I did not ask for love or joy;
But all my quiet heart was full
Of trust and faith without alloy.

* * * *

Now sank the snowy evening down
To midnight gloom without a star,

And winds, wild moaning from the sea,
Swept inward o'er the harbor bar.

But neither night nor wailing wind
Could stir my soul's celestial calm ;
The Angel's holy peace was mine,
And memory's waves were waves of balm !

THE PRISONER'S RELEASE.

"Among those who were thrown into the dungeons of Venice was a young girl from the country, scarcely sixteen, who did not live to be put to the torture, but was found dead upon the floor of her cell." — *Records of the Inquisition.*

LO, in the east the wan moon climbs
Above the mellow minster chimes,
And wafted peal and light of stars
Come faintly through my prison-bars.
I cannot hear the dripping oar,
Nor boatman's call from off the shore,
Only, flooding the beach below,
I mark the sea-waves come and go;
And listen! From my dungeon-tower
The clock tolls out the midnight hour.
Oh, that my latest day were done,
And I the evening peace had won!
God of mercy! pity me!
Take me quickly up to Thee!

In dreams I 've lived my childhood o'er
Since last the jailer shut the door;

Along the lofty Apennines
I saw again the dusky pines,
And heard the rush of snow-fed streams,
And caught the torrent's silver gleams.
From rock to rock the chamois sprung;
High in the blue the eagle hung;
And I felt the sweet wind over me blow
From vales where the orange and jasmine grow;
But dearer than hill or stream or tree,
Voices I loved were calling me!
I woke. The waning moon had risen,
And dimly shone athwart the prison;
My hair was damp with dungeon dew,
A chill breath crept the grating through,
And on my brain a weight was prest
And my heart beat slow in my aching breast, —
Faint and slow as the waves that fall
With the ebbing tide below the wall.
Jesus! Lord! I cry to Thee!
By Thy woes, deliver me!

Hark! The chimes die soft away,
And soon will dawn another day;
Yet ere for watching eyes it shine
There will be darkness over mine,
And I shall sleep on the stony floor

The sleep that never will waken more!
More black and chill the dungeon grows;
Unheard, beneath, the sea-wave flows;
And fainter, slower, comes my breath, —
Can it be dying? Can it be death?
No! It is life! for the angels lean
Out of heaven to woo me there!
And listen! What do those voices mean,
Filling with music all the air?
Now in chorus they swell and rise,
Floating up to the ravished skies;
And now they warble so near, so near,
They bear me away to the blessed sphere!
God of love! O welcome me!
Now I come, — I come to Thee!

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead, O! let it be,
Jesus! for blessed rest in Thee!
Then, though my ear had never known
The rapture of a loving tone,
Nor tender kisses prest my brow
When heart to heart gave holiest vow,
Nor fame's bewildering music stole
Like a sweet fever through my soul,—
I shall lie down as kings do lie,
In royal state and majesty;
Nor cedar need, nor purple fold,
Nor sculptured stone, nor fretted gold,
But find my silent chamber there
Than fairest couch of earth more fair,
For Thou, the King of kings, shalt spread
The pillow for my weary head.

And whether, where I rest alone,
Come foes to scorn or friends to moan,

I shall not heed them, — hid in joy,
Nor friend can give, nor foe alloy ;
But peaceful sleep, as children slumber
Whose mother's thoughts the minutes number,
For Thou, the Lord, with love divine
Shalt watch beside that grave of mine.

36

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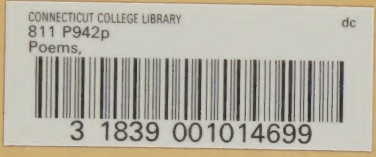
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